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THE

MIRACULOUS HOST

Tortured by the Jew,

UNDER THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE FAIR IN 1290;

BEING ONE OF THE LEGENDS WHICH

CONVERTED

THE DAUGHTERS AND NIECE OF

DOUGLAS LOVEDAY, ESQ.

UNDER THE REIGN OF LOUIS XVIII. IN 1821.

FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH WORK, AUTHORISED BY THE COLLEGE OF THEOLOGY AT PARIS, IN THE PUBLISHER'S POSSESSION.

ILLUSTRATED BY TEN CUTS,

COPIED FROM THE SAME WORK:

WITH MR. LOVEDAY'S NARRATIVE, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM HONE, 45, LUDGATE-HILL, AND 32, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1822.

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PREFACE.

THE Legend of the *Miraculous Host*, which had so large a share in operating the conversion of the two daughters and niece of Mr. DOUGLAS LOVEDAY, was first brought to the Editor's attention by Dr. Jortin's mention of it:—'Anno 1290. A Jew at Paris stole the host, and stabbed it, and flung it into the fire, and endeavoured by all means to destroy it; but it wrought so many miracles, that the poor devil was discovered and was burnt alive. Fleury gives us this for a true story.' (Rem. on Eccl. Hist. vol. iii. p 376.) The editor met with no other account of the *Miraculous Host*, until a book was brought to him from Paris in the summer of last year, containing the History by Fr. Leon. Having caused this to be faithfully translated, he has published it verbatim in the ensuing pages; inserting in the narrative nine *cuts* drawn by Mr. George Cruikshank, from the nine designs contained in the volume, and as the Bourbon arms are engraven on the title to that publication, they are also placed upon the title-page of this.

LEON'S work is a duodecimo volume of 274 pages, printed at Paris in 1664, bearing the following title: '*L'Histoire de l'Hostie Miraculeuze, arrivée au Convant des Religieus Carmes du Saint Sacremant des Billetes.*'

Immediately after the title appears the annexed fulsome Dedication to Philip Duke d'Orleans, brother to Louis XIV.

TO MONSIEUR.

My Lord,

As the Aurora, at the first appearance of day, is the sure presage of its more perfect brightness, in like manner the rays of virtue which adorned your earliest years, are the certain pledge of your future eminence. The rare union of a grave affability with an amiable seriousness, is the endearing secret, which enforces all our hearts to love and respect your revered person. The effects of that magnificent goodness which, on all occasions, shines forth in you, are golden chains from which no one can free himself. Those tender sentiments of Christian Piety, and true Catholic Devotion, which dwell in you, declare to us, that the blood which flows through your veins, is the pure blood of FRANCE and SPAIN. In a word, that noble ardor of mind, which will not permit you to be ignorant of any duty or any science, that worthy eagerness to search into all subjects deserving of inquiry, and that intuitive perception, which astonishes

all who have the honor to approach you, have convinced the world that you are destined by Providence *to efface the greatness of Cæsar and Alexander.* The inextinguishable impatience of their early years to know every thing, was the unerring token, that their mature age would accomplish all that is great and splendid in human actions.

These qualities, Sir, are those which have emboldened me to present to you a brief account of *the most surprizing of all Miracles.* An illustrious occasion led the Queen, that august princess and amiable mother, to honor, with her presence, our Monastery of the Most Holy Sacrament. The secret tie which renders you inseparable from her majesty, induced you to accompany her in this visit; and being already instructed in the nature of the miracle which served for the foundation of this Religious House, the distinguished piety of your mind did not fail to lead you into every inquiry connected with the entire knowledge of this *Sacred History.*

This faithful abridgment of the History, will, I hope Sir, invite your attention, strengthen your mind in the sentiments of the Christian Religion and the Catholic Faith, and *perfect your already great and solid devotion.*

You would not be, Sir, *the Grandson of* Saint Louis, if you did not foster an inexpressible love and admiration of the adorable and inestimable Eucharist. And *this sublime miracle,* of whose proofs we are the guardians, in this Monastery, will be the dearer to you, as its wonderful events took place under the reign of Philip the Fair. Your baptismal name must induce you to esteem and cherish all these precious pledges and proofs of the Christian Religion. And the just proportion of all the virtues form so perfect a beauty in your life, that being, as it is, the delight of all France, it imposes upon us a pleasing obligation, incessantly to beseech God, in *this miraculous church,* to give it continuance, and bring it to perfection. And this is the most sincere and ardent prayer which, night and day, is offered up at the feet of the Holy Altars, by all the Religious of our Order, and by,

My Lord,

Your very humble
and very obedient Servant,
Fr. Leon,
*Of the Order of Carmelites of the Holy Sacrament.**

---

* The flattery of this Dedication is not singular; for the Abbé Timoleon, a courtier in the same reign, and a member of the French Academy, wrote the Lives of David and Solomon, in which he drew parallels between them and Louis XIV. in compliment to that monarch, from whom he sought preferment. Carrying his desire to please still further, he made a translation of *St. Thomas à Kempis on the Imitation of Christ,* and dedicated it to Madame de Maintenon, prefixing a Frontispiece, in which she is represented kneeling before a Crucifix, with the following verses from the Psalms, beneath it, *Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so* SHALL THE KING GREATLY DESIRE THY BEAUTY. (Psa. xiv. 9, 10.) This man knew what he was about, for he was made Dean of Bayeux.

Biog. Gall. vol. ii. p. 270. Chalmers's Biog. Dict. vol. ix. p. 289.

Fr. Leon, the pious author of this courtly adulation to the Bourbon Monsieur, of 1664, says, he does not profess to give satisfaction respecting the *Miraculous Host*, to those who will not receive it; but as proof that what he relates is true, he refers to the tradition of three hundred and seventy-four years; to a History written in 1633, by M. Milon; and to the Masses and other offices of the church, in the public annual Festivals celebrated at the Church of St. John *en Grève*, and in the Monastery of the Holy Sacrament, at Paris, on the first Sunday after Easter. He further says, that Pierre le Meur, a Jesuit, in his Notes on the Chronicles of St. Antony, imagines, that it was this miracle which induced Philip the Fair to banish all the Jews into Germany. Leon then refers to the authors afternamed, as mentioning the miracle, *viz.* Baptiste Fulgose des Dits et Faits Memorables, b. i. c. 1.—Jean Naucler, Chonographie, vol. ii. p. 975.—A. Bzovius, Baronius's Eccl. Hist. Cont. An. 1290.—Jaques du Brueil, Antiquitez de Paris, b. iv. p. 977.—Jaques du Charon Sieur de Monceaus, l'Histoire Universele, c. cxxxv. p. 1010.—Papirius Masson, Avocat au Parlement de Paris, Annales de France, b. iii. p. 359.—Scipion du Pleix, Histoire, tom. ii. p. 373. Lastly on the authority of Baronius, and to corroborate the *Miraculous Host*, he adduces a miracle related by St. Athanasius, at the second Council of Nice. But as St. Athanasius's miracle would in some degree anticipate the *Miraculous Host*, it is inserted in these sheets, after that History.

Upwards of two hundred pages of Leon's book are occupied by nine Meditatory Discourses, comparing the pains that the Jew inflicted on the Host, to the actual pains of Christ in his passion. There is a Latin hymn, and some French stanzas, upon it; but neither is sufficiently remarkable, to require insertion here. The volume concludes with the following

APPROBATION.

We, the undersigned Doctors of the Faculty of Theology, of Paris, Certify that we have seen, and closely examined, this History of the MIRACULOUS HOST of Paris, *in which we have not found any thing contrary to the Faith nor to Morals.* Given at Paris, this 2d day of August, 1633.

N. Pignay.
F. Damourettes.

Under a persuasion, that he is rendering a service to the interest of truth and humanity, the Editor commits this little publication to the world. It is plain that the extremest Fanaticism is patronized by power in France, and that by the aid of the Holy Alli-

ance, it may not only be restored there, but established over all Europe. The Priestcraft that cruelly sacrificed a helpless Jew, has, in 1821, revived the infamous fable, for the same reason that it invented the fraud and burnt him alive in 1290—the salvation of souls, and the good of the church. This pretence has so brutalized the people of Brussels, that every year, on the anniversary of St. Hubert, the Patron of dogs, they get bread, with attestations signed by the magistrates, certifying that it has been consecrated by the priest, and they give every dog in Brussels pills of this holy bread, to save him from distemper throughout the year. 'Miracles performed here,' is as commonly inscribed upon the churches of Brabant, as 'Lodgings to let' upon the houses in London. Nothing can save France from scenes of similar humiliation, but a Free Press. Without it, she will become a prison-house of slaves, with priests for keepers. Already, her Journals, controlled by priest-ridden princes, have not dared to mention Mr. Loveday's Petition to the Chamber of Deputies. This is what we English cannot understand. We cannot comprehend how the present Bourbon can expect another Bourbon to succeed him on the throne of the French people, if he refuse to hear them speak. Where there is a Free Press, the people communicate their thoughts freely, and the government, in that way alone, gathering their wants and wishes, regulates the affairs of the community. Through a Free Press, the Chief Magistrate can learn whether the administration of public affairs be wise or weak. Without it, he may suppose his ministers able, because they are busy; while they are meddling, he may think they are governing; and thus, he himself may be seduced into crimes, by advisers who hate, or are ignorant of the nature of a Commonwealth. A king may become a tyrant without knowing it; and fall into the fatal advice, of using a power with which he is not entrusted. There will be enough to give it him; for the weak are made sanguinary by their fears: 'But princes, by hearkening to cruel counsels, become, in time, obnoxious to the authors, their flatterers and ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them; they must go on, and defend cruelty with cruelty; they cannot alter the habit. It is then grown necessary, they must be as ill as those have made them; and in the end, they will grow more hateful to themselves, than to their subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the merciful prince is safe in love, not in fear. He needs no emissaries, spies, intelligencers, to entrap true subjects. He fears no libels, no treasons. His people speak what they think, and talk openly what they do in secret. They have nothing in their breasts that they need a cypher for. He is guarded with his own benefits.'—*B. Jonson.*

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Miraculous Host of Paris.

In the year of our Lord 1290, in the reign of Philip the Fair of France, and under the pontificate of Boniface VIII., a poor woman of Paris, who had pledged her best gown with a Jew for thirty pence, saw the eve of Easter-day arrive without the means of redeeming the pledge. Wishing to receive the sacrament on that day, in common with all good Christians, she went to the Jew, and besought him to let her have the gown for that occasion, in order that she might make a decent appearance at church. The Jew not only consented to let her have the gown, but promised to forgive her the money lent, provided she would bring him the Host she would receive at the altar, and which she believed to be her God.

The woman, instigated by the same fiend as Judas, promised the Jew to do as he desired, and, for thirty pence, to deliver into his hands the same LORD whom the traitorous disciple had formerly sold to the Jews for thirty pieces of silver.

The next morning, she went to her parish church, joined in the service, and received the sacrament,

feigning a devotion equal to those around her. But she concealed the HOST in her handkerchief; and, on quitting the church, proceeded to the Jew's house, and delivered the HOST into his hands.

This bitter enemy of JESUS CHRIST, holding within his hands the real body of our Saviour, cried out —'*I shall soon see if what the Christians would make us believe of this bread, be true or not!*' In the phrenzy of his hatred, he took a pen-knife, and laying the HOST on a table, stabbed it several times; and behold, the blood gushed from the wounds in great abundance.

His wife and children were terrified at the sight of this frightful prodigy; but the Jew, no way moved by this awful spectacle, endeavoured to pierce the HOST with a nail, by dint of repeated blows with a hammer. Blood again rushed out; still the hard heart of the Jew did not relent.

Becoming more daring by the repetition of his crimes, he seized the HOST the third time, and, having hung it upon a stake, he inflicted upon the *Host* almost as many lashes with a scourge as the naked body of CHRIST received from the hands of his forefathers.

Snatching the Host from the stake, he threw it into the fire; and, to his astonishment, he saw it moving in the midst of the flames, entire and untouched.

This new miracle drove the ruffian to new efforts, in the hope of destroying the Host. With a large carving knife, he endeavoured, but in vain, to cut the Host to pieces.

As if resolved to omit no one of the sufferings endured by Jesus Christ on the cross, nor any of the indignities offered to him, the Jew now took the Host and hung it up in the place always deemed the vilest of a house, striving, with redoubled force, to pierce it with the point of a spear.

The streams of blood, which now again flowed from the wounds, were still incapable of extinguishing the cruel flames of his hatred.

He then again had recourse to his fire, and threw the HOST into a cauldron of boiling water. In the same instant, the water assumed the appearance of blood, and the HOST was seen above in the form of a *Crucifix*, and JESUS CHRIST was again seen dying upon the cross.

What a spectacle! The wretched Jew, stunned with terror at this last miracle, fled from before the face of that GOD whom he had crucified afresh, and hid himself in the darkest cellar of his house.

The Almighty would not permit this great miracle to remain concealed, nor the crime which had called it forth to go unpunished. The church bell, at that moment, calling the people again to mass, one of the children of this vile man rushed from his house, and cried aloud with terror—'*Where do you go to seek for your God? to the church? Has not my father, then, after having inflicted so many tortures on him, has he not yet killed him?*'

A woman, a neighbour of the Jew, hearing these words, went to his house, feigning to ask for a light, and beheld this affecting picture of the passion of Jesus Christ, again exhibited on this spot. Moved with a holy fear, she prostrated herself on the ground, making the sign of the Cross on her forehead. In the same instant, the body of Jesus Christ, which she had seen over the cauldron, suspended on the Cross, assumed its previous form of the Host, and came and placed itself, unbroken and entire, in a vessel which she held in her hand.

This pious woman received the sacred gift with infinite joy, pressed it to her bosom with reverence, and hurried away with it to the church of Saint John *en Grève*. There she recounted this astonishing history to the Priest of the parish, and other Priests, who had just arrived, drawn thither by an invisible hand; and, then, she committed the sacred deposit to their care.

The rumour of this miraculous event spreading throughout the whole city, crowds flocked from all quarters to the Jew's house. All admired the hand

of GOD, in this great work, and shuddered with horror at the desperate attempts of the Jew. He, with his wife and children, was arrested and sent to prison.

The Bishop of Paris forthwith assembled a great number of Ecclesiastics, distinguished by their learning and probity. He caused the criminal to appear before them, and received in their presence, the full confession of his execrable deeds. But, in acknowledging himself to be guilty, he refused to become innocent. He hardened his heart against all remonstrance, and put aside all repentance. His wife and his children, being converted, made a better use of the miracles they had seen. He, alone of all his family, encountered the justice of God and the Law. He was sentenced to be burnt alive.

This surprizing history, drew many of the Jews to the knowledge of the true MESSIAH; and kindled in the hearts of the Parisians the flame of a renewed devotion, and veneration for the holy Sacrament.

But king Philip, and his queen, Jane of Navarre, testified, above all others, their holy zeal on this illustrious occasion. To perpetuate the memory of

this event, they commanded that the Jew's house should be converted into a sacred temple, and given to a religious order, who should serve God in it, day and night.

For these *most Christian Princes*, (which are the precise terms of the ancient titles of this house,) ardently desired, that, on the same spot where the body of CHRIST had suffered a second passion, all faithful Christians should honor it with peculiar respect and affection, when it should be offered to the eternal Father, in the mystery of the Sacrament; and that where a crime against the infinite Majesty of God was perpetrated, services expressive of a profound submission should be offered up without ceasing.

For the same reasons, the implements employed in this new passion of JESUS CHRIST, are most carefully preserved in this church. In this sacred building may still be seen, the *pen-knife* with which the *Host* was pierced, and which still is stained with the precious blood that flowed from the wounds: in the same edifice may, also, be seen the *cauldron* into which it was thrown, and the *vessel* of the pious woman, in which it was conveyed to the church, and other perpetual and infallible proofs of this miracle.

The festival of this event is celebrated, with great solemnity, on the first Sunday after Easter, in this Church, which is named *the Church of the Miracles*. And the Chapter of Saint John *en Grève*, on the Sunday before Easter, carry in procession the evidences of this miraculous event, which have been preserved for nearly four centuries, as visible signs of this second sacrifice of CHRIST, similar to that which he made when, in his own person, he died on the Cross.

ADDITIONS.

FLEURY relates, that the parish priest of St. John *en Grève*, to whom the pious woman carried the Host in the vessel, communicated the affair to Simon de Bussi, Bishop of Paris, and that the Jew, having been condemned to be burnt, he was accordingly executed.

LEON says that *The Catechisme* du Card. Bellarmin mentions all the particulars of the miracle, with the addition that the king became sponsor for the Widow and Children of the Jew in their baptism. Leon cites out of Baronius (vol. ix. p. 306), a Discourse of ST. ATHANASIUS, at the second Council of Nice, describing a miracle altogether like the present, excepting that ST. ATHANASIUS's miracle happened to a Crucifix. St. ATHANASIUS's history in LEON's words, is as follows:

ST. ATHANASIUS'S MIRACLE OF A CRUCIFIX;

As related by him to the Bishops at the second Council of Nice.

In the city of Berite in Syria, near to Tyre and Sydon, a Christian having hired a small house adjoining the synagogue, placed near his bed an image of the Crucifixion admirably wrought. Now as the inconvenience of the house made him quit it, so he forgot to take away the crucifix in moving the goods. Shortly afterwards a Jew who took the house, asked one of his neighbours to dinner. The guest while at table, raising his eyes, saw the crucifix, and said to his host, 'How is this, that being a Jew, you have this image in your possession?' uttering with these words ten thousand horrible blasphemies and execrations against Jesus Christ; then rushing out of the house in great fury, he went and gave information to the priests and elders of the synagogue. These madmen the next morning attended by an immense quantity of Jews, entered the house, and enraged by the sight of the crucifix, having drove away the Jew, who permitted it to remain there, they took the holy image, laid it upon the floor, and proceeded to inflict upon it all the outrages with which their forefathers put Christ to death. They spat upon the face, mocked him with a thousand speeches, pierced with nails his feet and his hands, poured into his mouth gall and vinegar, and crowned his head with most cruel thorns, and pierced him with a lance in the side, from which wound instantly flowed a great abundance of blood and water. They then said to each other, let us see if this blood can perform such miracles as the worshippers of Jesus of Nazareth would make us believe. They filled a vessel with the blood; and having conveyed all the sick of the city to the synagogue, they bathed them with the blood and water which flowed from the wound in the side, and in the same instant they were all cured—the blind received their sight—the paralytic recovered their limbs

—the devils were driven from those possessed, and that which was the greatest miracle of the whole was, that all the Jews of that city, little and great, men and women, priests and laity, were overcome with astonishment, and cried out, *Glory be for ever to thee, O Christ, whom our fathers sacrificed on the Cross, and who we have sacrificed anew in thy divine Image.* Then rushing into the streets, they shouted with a loud voice, *the Father is a God, and the Son is a God; the Son whom our fathers crucified: 'tis he whom we know now, 'tis he in whom we now believe, and it is he whom we adore!* They hastened to the bishop of the city, receiving the holy baptism, and being converted all to the evangelical faith.

LEON says, that the Fathers heard this miraculous narrative of St. ATHANASIUS with delight, astonishment, and tears of joy. But it must be recollected, that the ancients were great proficients in imposture and credulity; that Ecclesiastical history exhibits a black catalogue of fraud and crime; and that from the death of Christ to the present time, his religion has been uniformly corrupted and deformed whenever power has used it as a means of influence or domination.

MR. LOVEDAY.

As, in India, the priests roll the car of Juggernaut over the bodies of the ignorant self-devoted victims who fling themselves beneath its wheels, so, in France, they have repaired and re-erected their old gigantic machinery to break down and crush the human mind—re-establishing monasteries and convents—re-commencing the imposture of miracle-working—seducing and terrifying the young and the ignorant to believe the brutalizing legends of the dark ages.

The preceding history of the *Bloody Host* is the foundation of one of those pious frauds through which the crafty devotees at Paris seduced the female branches of Mr. Loveday's family from affection to their parents, and enrapt their youthful feelings in the delusions and deliriums of an anti-christian and degrading superstition. That gentleman, unable to obtain the society of his eldest daughter, who had been enticed into a convent, waited in his carriage on the Boulevard of Mont Parnasse, through which she would necessarily be carried to mass. As soon as she arrived between two nuns, he quitted the carriage, and, accompanied by a friend secured his daughter. The screams of the nuns brought the military guard to the spot. The officer on duty carried Mr. Loveday, with his friend and daughter, and the nuns, before the Commissary of Police, in the Rue de Bac, who refused to the parent the custody of his child, on the ground that she was of age. In 1816, this young lady had been placed by Mr. Loveday,

with another of his daughters and a niece, in the boarding school of Mad^lle Reboul, who, in breach of a positive undertaking not to interfere with their religious sentiments, depraved their understandings, and converted them, by the aid of fable and fallacy, from the Protestant faith to Popery. When Mr. Loveday discovered that the imposition practised on his children and his confidence was succeeded by the incarceration of his eldest daughter in a nunnery for life, he caused M. Dupin, a celebrated French advocate, to draw up a petition, stating the case to the French Chamber of Deputies. In this memorial, printed for circulation, but suppressed by the French Government as much as possible, M. Dupin narrates the circumstances and feelings of Mr. Loveday in a manner calculated to produce the strongest sensation, especially as Princes of the Blood and the Archbishop of Paris are charged with being parties to the abduction. The pamphlet is as follows:—

PETITION TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES,

BY MR. DOUGLAS LOVEDAY, AN ENGLISHMAN AND A PROTESTANT.

Complaining of the *Rapt de Seduction* (enticing away) of his two daughters and his niece, in a seminary of education in which he had placed them at Paris; and in which the credulity of these young persons was abused by means of *superstitious terrors, besettings, and false miracles*, for the purpose of suddenly converting them to *Catholicism*, in the absence, without the knowledge, and contrary to the wish of their parents.

"Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!"—LUCRET.
"Corrumpere et corrumpi."—TACIT.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

I AM a foreigner; I came to France on the faith of treaties, and under the protection of the law of nations. I have faithfully observed the laws of the country; and yet my most sacred rights and dearest affections have been violated: and amidst the misfortune that overwhelms me, I find no authority to which I can turn for protection. I am reduced to the necessity of appealing to the first body of the State—to the Deputies of the French nation—to obtain the satisfaction to which I am entitled.

I am an Englishman and a Protestant; and I came to France in 1816, confidently relying on the peace which existed between the two nations. I became a proprietor on the faith of the laws which permit foreigners to acquire property, and I even obtained from his Majesty the enjoyment of the civil rights, which relieved me from the law of reciprocity. I carried with me to France my two children, in order to educate them, on the faith of a legislature which professed to protect all doctrines, and without foreseeing the possibility that any religious intrigue might forcibly separate me from a

part of my family. My hopes have been deceived. Men who profess to be *converters*, have deprived me of one of my daughters in the bloom of life. A *convent*, or rather a *haunt*, withdraws her from my tenderness and my counsels; I am prohibited from seeing her; no magistrate is willing to assist me. I am reduced to despair. Deign to listen to me.

I have two daughters, who were the pride of their father, and who inspired me with the most gratifying hopes. The graces of youth, the endowments of nature, the fortune which awaited them, every advantage which seemed calculated to ensure their happiness and my own, served only to tempt the false zeal of those who have snatched them from me, and to hurl one of them into the abyss, whence I am vainly striving to rescue her.

Being obliged to return to England in June, 1816, *I placed my daughters in a boarding-school kept by Mademoiselle* ERNESTINE REBOUL, of whose rectitude and virtue I had received the highest character. I believed my confidence to be well placed; and in this persuasion I sent to the same establishment my niece, the eldest daughter of my brother, the Governor of Benares, and a Major-General in the British army.

It was expressly agreed upon with the mistress of the boarding-school, that the education of my children was to be confined solely to accomplishments; and Mademoiselle Reboul *entered into a solemn engagement not to endeavour in any way to disturb the religious faith in which they had been brought up.*

Without apprehension concerning their fate, I remained in a deceitful security; while under the cloak of a sacred promise the confidence of a wretched father was abused.

In July, 1821, I wrote to my daughters, informing them that on my return to Paris I intended to take them from the school. I then received from Mademoiselle Reboul a letter, dated 7th August, 1821, in which she complained of the injury her interests would sustain by my removing all the three young ladies at once. She begged that I would at least leave my niece, who is younger than my daughters, to finish her education; and she added, *that I should do her injustice if I entertained any apprehension on the score of religion.* Thus she endeavoured to set my conscience at rest at the very moment when, as it will be seen, she was perverting that of my children!

I entertained no distrust. On my return to Paris, in the month of September, I questioned my daughters, as I was accustomed to do, concerning their religious principles. Already initiated in the art of dissimulation, they replied, with apparent sincerity, that they followed the religion in which they had been educated.

I soon explained to them some views which I had formed respecting them; and then fell the veil which had hitherto concealed the dark intrigue, and I beheld the full extent of a misfortune which I had not even suspected.

On the 23d of October, my two daughters declared to me that they were *Roman Catholics*, and that their firmness and faith were not to be shaken!

The feelings which this terrible avowal excited in my mind may

be better conceived than described! My confidence was deceived, my family seduced, and the rights which religion, nature, and the law had given me, were violated. As a Protestant, my conscience was wounded in its most sensible point; as a father, my heart was lacerated in its tenderest affections; all my notions of religion, honour, liberty, and justice, revolted at the idea of so cruel a violation of the most venerable and sacred rights.

Still, however, I moderated my feelings, and entered upon a correspondence with my children; and I now learned the extreme degree in which their youth, inexperience, and credulity, had been imposed on.

Their conversion had been effected in the space of a fortnight! And what had they learned? What idea had they acquired of the new dogmas in which they had been initiated?

Odious superstition, which seems destined to plunge France once more into the gloom of ignorance and the horrors of fanaticism! Deputies of a nation on which such brilliant lights have shone, and which has given birth to so many great men, would you credit it? It is the history of a Jew and a prostitute tormented by the apparition of a BLEEDING HOST suspended over their heads! Such are the ridiculous fables, the absurd miracles, worthy to adorn the legends of a people degraded by superstition, which imbecility and deception can alone believe and promulgate; and which the enlightened followers of your religion reject with indignation and contempt: these are the lessons which mistaken or designing men teach their unfortunate proselytes—such is the doctrine which they inculcate!

Not satisfied with raking up the shameful monuments of fanaticism and ignorance, they seek to render the present age the accomplice of their gross errors and impious designs; and the account of *the pretended* MIRACLES *now performing at Amiens* is one of the means which have been resorted to to work on the minds of my daughters.

Abusing the most sacred weapons, these converters revived in the recollection of my daughters certain passages of Scripture; and by the aid of the holy text, thus perverted by their worthless masters, my unfortunate children disputed with their father the sacred authority which he received from GOD.

I determined to remove them. For the space of a week I persevered in addressing to them such arguments as I thought best calculated to produce an impression on them. I found imaginations exalted—*spirits* AWED *by the image of* EVERLASTING DAMNATION—*souls subdued and* EXHAUSTED BY SUPERSTITIOUS TERRORS!

I had the happiness to succeed with my youngest daughter. I redoubled my efforts with respect to the eldest; but in vain. The lessons she had received had left the deepest impression on her mind.

Still I could not believe that Mademoiselle Reboul, the mistress of the school, had knowingly been an accomplice in these infamous conversions; and, in letters dictated by her, my daughter succeeded in persuading me that she had taken no part in the affair.

Under this conviction, I suffered my niece to remain seven days longer in the boarding-school. Being younger than my daughters, the work of iniquity had not yet been consummated with respect to her; but I soon learned a lesson from fatal experience. My intention of removing her was known; the prey was about to escape from those who had seized it; they availed themselves of the time which I afforded them, led on as I was by a blindness with which I reproach myself, and a fatality which I could not resist.

I removed my daughters on the 3d of November. On the 5th my niece was *baptized;* on the 6th *confirmed;* on the 8th she *communicated.* "In four days (said she to me) I have performed the most important actions of my life, which require months of preparation!"

I return to my eldest daughter, and I henceforth abstain from all reflection; the facts speak sufficiently.

On the 10th of November she left my house clandestinely, while all the family was asleep, leaving a note, in which she appointed to meet me at Mademoiselle Reboul's. Thither I went. Mademoiselle Reboul affected the most perfect ignorance of all that had happened; and, joining insult to perfidy, she reproached me in the most offensive manner with having taken away my children. At this moment she received a letter from my daughter, which stated that she would not come to her house; that she was *in a place of safety, and was happy.*

I had intercepted some letters from my daughter, and had found that she maintained a correspondence with some person whose name I have not been able to discover. In vain I demanded from Mademoiselle who this person was; I could only learn that my daughter had made him a present, which the mistress charged to her account. I was not able to learn of what this present consisted; my daughter, in a letter to Mademoiselle Reboul, said that she hoped *he had been presented with* HER HEART, referring to the person before alluded to. I know not what mystic meaning is concealed in these obscure words.

Let any one picture to himself the mortal anguish which I felt respecting the fate of my daughter. The next morning I returned to Mademoiselle Reboul; I conjured her to inform me what had become of my child—to tell me whether she was living or dead. The prayers of a despairing father had not power to reach her heart: she replied, that my daughter had eloped from her house, and that I might seek her where I pleased.

This insensibility did not permit me any longer to doubt that Mademoiselle Reboul had sported with my credulity, and that she had herself managed the intrigue of which I was the victim. I removed my niece from the school. I was then ignorant that she had received three sacraments in four days! I succeeded in making her confess the whole truth. I learnt, that *from the moment when* Mademoiselle Reboul *was aware of my determination to remove my children, she began to work on their minds, holding out to them the prospect of damnation, if they did not embrace the Catholic religion.* Mademoiselle Reboul soon betrayed herself. She wrote to my niece, and the letter fell into my hands. It was filled with hypocritical counsels, and the most reprehensible insinuations. The conduct of this worthless wo-

man was exposed, and the abuse of confidence of which she had been guilty completely proved.

The mind of my unfortunate niece was in a most pitiable state. *Tormented by ideas of profanation and sacrilege—persuaded that she could not escape the punishments of the world to come—assailed by terrors which haunted her in the night, and prevented her from enjoying rest—possessed by the gloomy despair of superstition,* she wished to abandon father, mother, sister, rank, and fortune. Such was the terrible result of the suggestions to which she had been exposed.

From this moment I knew the whole extent of the plot which had deprived me of a part of my family. Some letters which I possess, and others which I have placed in the hands of the King's Attorney, and which that magistrate doubtless will not refuse to return to me, informed me what springs had been set in motion, what perfidious stratagems had been resorted to.

Infamy doubtless belongs to crime; not to the courageous voice of the accuser, or the complaint of the victim! However, I shall abstain from mentioning names which I believe to be respectable. I will not exhibit in my sad story *princes of the church, prelates placed near the throne!* One of them especially, who has been represented to me as the principal author of my misfortunes. I spare religion and morality the shame of being introduced into those scenes of infamy.

I made useless efforts to recover my daughter. I applied to an advocate, who promised to speak to the King's Attorney. In the mean time I received a letter from my child, which bore the post-mark of *Amiens*. It being perceived that I was not the dupe of this pretended removal of my daughter, and that I was about to apply for the aid of the English Ambassador to discover the place of her concealment, I received, at the expiration of a fortnight, another letter, which bore the post-mark of *Ostend*. At the same time, a letter from my niece, which I had intercepted, gave me reason to suppose that my daughter had retired into an association called *La Maternite, ou les Enfans trouves* (the Foundlings); but I do not very distinctly recollect this particular. I transmitted these letters to the King's Attorney, and received an answer from that magistrate. He had inquired into the affair. He told me that Mademoiselle Reboul had acted fairly. He observed, that my daughter was 21 years of age, and added, that it was a *delicate and difficult* affair.

I was a father, and I was applying to the magistrate, whom the law charges to protect me, for assistance to recover my daughter! I may spare my reflections: you must have anticipated them.

I found in the Commissary of Police, of the first arrondissement, to whom I made my declaration, the zeal which I had in vain sought for elsewhere. He called on the King's Attorney, and returned himself to inform me that that magistrate would come to an explanation with the Prefect of Police. At the same time I had recourse to the English Ambassador. A separation of thirty-five years had not effaced me from his recollection. I found in him a protector, a friend. I was consoled, and my hopes revived.

Time, however, gave birth to new alarms. I uselessly awaited

effects of the protection due to me from the French magistracy; and I received from the English Embassy a piece of information, on the 8th of December, which made me forget all my previous misery.

Mr. Vaughan, the Secretary of the Ambassador, informed me that my daughter was found. She was in the hands of Mr. Jerningham, a gentleman whose family was originally English, a Catholic, but one of those men who honour a religion which so many others abuse, and who absolve it from the crimes which are committed in its name.

My daughter did not hesitate to deliver herself up to him, because he was a Catholic; but *her heart* was now so hardened, that she *would no longer acknowledge her father, because he professed a different faith!*

Mr. Jerningham delivered her up to me on the evening of the 12th of December; but she refused to accompany me. Until one o'clock in the morning, I remained waiting for her at the gate, endeavouring to overcome her repugnance through the mediation of her brother. Tenderness and authority, prayers and commands, all were unavailing. The voices of those who had seduced her still resounded in her heart; and *superstition, which hovered around her, armed her soul against the impressions of nature.*

Finally, at two o'clock in the morning, I extorted from her a promise that she would go home with me at two in the afternoon—a promise which she mentally disavowed, and secretly swore to violate. *Already was she skilled in the too-well-known art of her instructors, of making a cloak of the interests of Heaven in order to break a promise.* Upon this understanding I left her to pass the night at the house of Mr. Jerningham.

Before the family rose she had succeeded in escaping. Mr. Jerningham, who had pledged himself to answer for her safe keeping, threatened to denounce to the authorities all those who had contributed to her elopement, if she were not brought back to his house in two hours. The firmness of an honourable man terrified the guilty: at two o'clock she was restored to him, and at four he delivered her up to me.

Let it be judged whether I wished to exercise a tyrannic control over her conscience—whether I claimed too great an authority. I promised not to constrain her in the exercise of her new religion, and I kept my word. The next morning at eight o'clock her brother accompanied her to the church of the Assumption to hear mass. At four o'clock I went out, hoping that I had taken from her all pretext for flying from me.

I deceived myself. In the evening she eloped for the third time. During three days I was ignorant of the place of her retreat. On the 17th of December I was put in possession of a letter, written by Madame Marie Sophie, Superior of the convent of the *Congregation de Notre Dame*, Rue de Sevres, No. 6. The letter was addressed to an English lady. The Superior stated, that a young person, Mademoiselle Emilia Loveday, had come to her establishment to claim hospitality; and she (the Superior) wished to know what her parents intended to do for her.

I sent, in consequence, my youngest daughter to the convent. By accident she was dressed in the same manner as her sister. A novice, named Clemence, who apparently had not yet been instructed in the part she ought to play, exclaimed, upon seeing her, that it must be her sister who had taken refuge in the convent! My youngest daughter asked to see her sister; but Clemence having reported this request to the Superiors, and having learnt from them how indiscreet her frankness had been, returned to my youngest daughter, and informed her that she had been deceived, and that the young person of whom she had intended to speak had been for a long time in the convent, and was not more than 15 years of age.

It was necessary to abandon these wretched subterfuges, when the Superior was informed that her letter was in my possession. She then confessed that my daughter was in her house.

Hitherto my person had been respected, but henceforth you will behold me the object of vexations, of which, however, I would not complain if they did not serve the better to make known my persecutors: wounded in the most powerful sentiment of nature, could I be sensible of any thing which regarded myself alone?

On two following days I went to the convent, and on both occasions a father, who sought to recover his daughter, was arrested by the military force under the direction of a Commissary of Police.

Once I was sent back after my arrest, having vainly demanded to be taken to the prefecture, in the hope of finding more justice and compassion in a more elevated tribunal.

The second time the scene was still more remarkable. I was accompanied by my son, my youngest daughter, and my niece. The door of the convent was shut against us, and we were constituted prisoners. The Commissary of Police arrived; he remained shut up for three quarters of an hour with my daughter, leaving me and my children in a chamber without a fire, guarded by soldiers. The Commissary afterwards returned, interrogated me, and went so far as to refuse to insert in the *proces verbal*, which I was compelled to sign, all my answers, and the terms in which they were made.

Finally, *under four bayonets* I secured to my daughter a pension, to enable her to remain in a house in which she was detained against my will!

Have I not been sufficiently outraged? And can I find expressions capable of characterising such a situation?

Gentlemen, my statement will appear to you incredible; and yet *how can you refuse to believe a father who complains of a child whom he fondly loves? Is it not obvious that his heart must have been a thousand times torn with anguish before he could speak an accusing word against her?* My daughter has become the instrument of the persecutions which I have described. It was she who desired the Commissary of Police to come; *she uttered imprecations and calumnies against her* family. When the bayonets surrounded me, I saw a smile on her lips. Great God! *How powerful must have been the seductions exercised on my unfortunate child to extinguish in her all the sentiments of nature, to pervert her heart, and to bring her to that degree of insensibility that she could insult by a smile the sorrows and the despair of*

father? Alas! during the whole of her previous life, I had found her the model of virtue, affection, and filial piety!

My other visits to the *convent*, without being attended by the same circumstances, were not less cruel. They were limited to thirty minutes, and I was only permitted to see my child through a grating. During the greater part of this short time, I could not address a word to her; I saw her surrounded by perfidious counsellors; I heard them uttering calumnies against me; and, to fill up the measure of my anguish, these calumnies were repeated by my daughter!

In vain did I request that a precise hour should be appointed in which I could see her alone, without giving trouble to the Society, or deranging the conversations destined to complete her seduction. *Even that favour I could not obtain.*

I implored the civil and religious Authorities: I applied to the Prefect of the Police, but received no answer. I waited on the Official; from the 22d of December I solicited an audience of the Archbishop, but could obtain nothing.

Such, gentlemen, is the relation of the greatest of misfortunes that can befal a father. I am ready to prove to you all that I have stated. I demand justice; and surely my cause is so sacred, I cannot fail to obtain it from you.

My daughter is taken from me—if not by violence, at least by means still more dangerous, since the characters of these means are less distinct, and they are therefore more difficult to be guarded against—by means which your laws do not punish with less severity. The crime committed with respect to her is the *rapt de seduction.*

And by whom has she been *seduced? By the mistress of the boarding-school to whose care I intrusted her!* A base conduct in the profession which she exercises! an abuse of confidence more cruel than any other. She was to have been my representative with my daughter, and she employed the authority I had given her over my child to turn it against myself! She employed it for the purpose of gaining possession of her mind, and filling it with terrors; she kept me in a state of security while she completed her work; in contempt of her duty, in contempt of the formal engagement she had made on receiving my daughter from my hands, she took advantage of her credulity to inspire her with horror towards the religion which I had given her, and towards myself, and to make her the enemy of her faith, of her father, of her family; and thus is my child lost, perhaps for ever, to him to whom she owes her birth!

Am I to be told that my daughter is of age? She is; but she became so at school; *she was under age when I intrusted her to* Mademoiselle Reboul; *she was under age when the plans of seduction commenced*, when her mind was first impressed with those principles which she too faithfully imbibed;—*she was a young, inexperienced girl, seduced, and abused, in the absence of her father, by the very woman to whose care he had confided her!* Is there a country on the earth where a deed so infamous is not considered a crime worthy of all the hatred of men, and punishable with all the rigour of the laws?

Sacrilege has been added to perfidy. Holy things have been profaned; that religion of which the mask has been borrowed, is in-

sulted by those who invoke it. In fifteen days my daughters became Catholics; in four, a child of fourteen received in succession sacraments which the greatest saints of our church approach with terror!

No, no! *it is not for the service of religion that such conversions are made! It is to satisfy some ambitious desire, some proselyting passion, and every means appear legitimate which lead to this end; crime itself is veiled under the cloak of false zeal*—a garb so often snatched from off the instruments of these sacrilegious intrigues, and with which they still seek to cover themselves!

And how can religion pride itself in these pretended conversions, obtained by means of the most *deceitful stories*, and most *absurd miracles*, which cannot be performed without brutalizing the minds which are to be acted upon; without perverting the heart; without substituting fanaticism and delirium for natural feelings—in these works of darkness, of error, and deceit, which must recoil upon those with whom they have originated!

The true convert does not need to mark his adoption of a new religion by the disregard of social virtues and family duties! He does not abjure, along with his former faith, the duty he owes to the author of his being! He does not purchase the worthless applause of some fanatics, by meriting the contempt of all men of sense and true piety.

The respect for paternal authority mixes itself with respect for the Divinity. Filial piety is a religious duty, and the most agreeable of all in the eyes of a beneficent Creator, who has himself engraved it on our hearts. In the eye of religion, as of the world, paternal malediction is the most terrible affliction. This is the language of all times, all places, and all faiths.

Here I not only invoke the interest of families, but of religion. It is not incredulity, but intolerance which gives it the severest wounds. But I may venture to assert, that of all known persecutions, no one is more cruel than that which I point out—more capable of destroying the influence of religion among men, who cease to be just when they are driven to despair, and cannot distinguish between religion itself and the frightful abuse which is made of it.

By all fathers my language will be understood. The dungeons of the inquisition never plunged an unfortunate victim into an agony of soul so terrible as I feel at the idea of my daughter being seduced from the faith of her ancestors—torn from my affection—and, to complete the horror of my recollections, detesting her father, who weeps for her errors, and only wishes to pardon her.

If France tolerates so shameful a violation of all that men hold most dear and sacred, foreigners must fly from this land. It will be in vain to display to them its advantages and its claims to the admiration of other nations; the man who feels his own dignity will never stop in a country where the rights of paternal authority are trampled under foot—where *fanaticism penetrates into the bosom of families to disturb their peace*—where conscience is not allowed to be an impenetrable sanctuary!

But one word more. Suppose the son or the daughter of a Ca-

tholic carried off from him by proceedings similar to those of which I complain, and made to abjure Catholicism, and embrace the Protestant religion. Could imprecations, anathemas strong enough be formed against an action so horrible? Well! Either liberty of worship and equality of rights are empty sounds, or the same horror ought to attach itself to the act which I have denounced.

Deputies of France,—Having seen my child torn from my arms, the sentiments of nature extinguished in her breast, the sacred arm of religion turned against me, the authority which ought to protect me mute in my defence, for a moment I felt myself without resource; for a moment I said to myself—There is no longer any redress for an injured father in a country which boasts of the virtues of hospitality;—but I turn my eyes towards the representatives of the nation, and I still have hope.

DOUGLAS LOVEDAY.

Paris, Dec. 28.

Rue Godot, No. 1, Boulevart de la Madelaine.

HELL OPENED TO CHRISTIANS.

THAT the daughters and niece of Mr. Loveday should be 'subdued and exhausted by superstitious terrors,' is not wonderful to any one acquainted with certain descriptions of the Infernal Torments. A Tract written by the Rev. F. PINAMONTI, a Jesuit, remarkably efficacious in producing such horrors, is entitled,

'HELL OPENED TO CHRISTIANS, or CONSIDERATIONS ON THE INFERNAL PAINS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK. ILLUSTRATED BY PLATES EMBLEMATIC OF THE INFERNAL AGONIES.' It begins thus—

'*Ignorance and want of thought are so nearly allied, that the one is often mistaken for the other, and, in law, carry much the same force; and, what is more, Holy Writ assigns to both 'the same effects.*' He remarks, that '*a* GREAT FIRE *consumes all contagion;*' and says, that '*as* ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA,* *through an excess of zeal, wished that she could place herself in the mouth of hell to block up its passage, that no more souls, redeemed by her beloved spouse, should fall into it,* so *he lays* his LITTLE BOOK *in the reader's way, hoping that it may have* SO MUCH FORCE, *as to shut up to some one or other, that* IMMENSE GULF, WHICH IS NEVER TIRED WITH DEVOURING.' Finally, he exhorts his readers to '*beseech God that they may be enabled to avoid so consummate an evil, as that of being* ETERNALLY DAMNED.' The following are *Extracts in* PINAMONTI'S *own words*, from his

Description of Hell.

GOD has framed a prison in the lowest region of the universe, a very suitable place, as the furthest of all from heaven. Here, though the place itself is wide enough, the damned will not even have that relief, which either a poor prisoner has in walking between four walls, or the sick man in turning himself in bed, because here they shall be bound up like a faggot, and heaped one upon another like unfortunate victims; and this by reason of the great number of the damned, to whom this great pit will become narrow and strait; as also because the fire itself will be to them, like chains and fetters. Those miserable wretches will not only be straitened, but also be immoveable; and so weak, as not to be able even to remove from the eye, a worm that is gnawing it. The walls of

* See some account of *St. Catharine* hereafter.

this prison are more than four thousand miles thick, that is, as far as from hence to hell; but were they as thin as paper, the prisoners will be too weak to break through them to make their escape.

This prison will not only be extremely strait, but also extremely dark. It is true there will be fire, but deprived of light. This fire, burning with brimstone, will have a searching flame, which being mingled with the rolling smoke of that infernal cave, will fill the whole place, and raise a storm of darkness. Finally, the same mass of bodies heaped one upon another, will contribute to make up part of that dreadful night; not a glimpse of transparent air being left to the eye of the damned, thus darkened and almost put out.

To this prison, as to a common sewer, all the filth of the earth shall run after the fire has purged the world at the last day. The brimstone itself continually burning in such a prodigious quantity, will cause a stench not to be borne; and the very bodies of the damned will exhale so pestilential a stench, that if any of them were to be placed here on earth, it would be enough to cause a general infection. For though they are living bodies, and will continue so, as to the pain they shall suffer; yet, at the same time, they are worse than carcases as to the stench that will come from them. The devil appearing one day to ST. MARTIN,* with purple robes and a crown on his head; 'Adore me,' said he, 'because I am Christ, and deserve it;' but the saint, assisted by a celestial light, answered him, saying, 'My Lord is crowned with thorns, and covered with blood, I know him not in this new dress:' the devil being discovered, fled away, but left so great a stench behind him, that this alone was sufficient for the saint to discover him. If then one single devil could raise such a stench, what will that pestiferous breath be, that shall be exhaled in that dungeon, where all the whole crowd of tormenting devils, and all the bodies of the tormented, will be penned up together.

The fire of Hell was only created for God to revenge himself on the wicked: it is kindled by a sulphurous and bituminous matter, which will always burn with unspeakable fury, and without ever consuming. It will be shut up without any vent, and therefore all its flames will return back with increased force; it will penetrate our very bones and our marrow, and even the very principle of our life and being. The eternal furnace is already lighted up, and the breath of the anger of God is continually blowing it, to increase, if possible, the violence of its flames. This fire, though corporeal, will not only burn the body, but the soul also.

To live for ever in company with one of the damned, not in hell, but in a terrestrial paradise, would be a torment not to be borne; but in Hell, they will all be filled with hatred, wishing each other all evil; full of enmity, not to be reconciled for a whole eternity: all laws being overturned, and all reason banished, there will be no regard had to consanguinity, parentage, country, or to any tie or motive which might mitigate their desperate rage against each other. They will be like thorns, always pricking and tearing one another in pieces. The despair of those wretches will prove so tormenting to themselves and others: their very howlings and groans will make them intolerable. A mother cannot endure to hear her child cry the whole night; and though she loves it, yet oftentimes is so transported with anger, as to curse it; but what curses, and what furies will those of the damned be, amongst so many tears and lamentations, not of a beloved child, but of a numberless crowd of enemies; not of a night, of some few hours, but of a night, that will last for ever! The more there are, the greater will be their torment, which will increase by reflection from one to another, aggravating each others pain, and redoubling each others misery. The company of the devils will prove far more tormenting than would be that of our greatest enemies. They will afflict the damned two different ways, by their sight, and by reproaches. The sight of a devil is so terrible, that ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA, speaking to our Saviour of having seen one, said, 'That rather than behold again so frightful an infernal form, she would choose to walk in a road all of fire to the day of judgment.' According to this, one of those monsters alone would be enough to make a Hell of the place he is in: yet in Hell they will be without number.

* There is a short account of *St. Martin* at the end.

The evils that are in Hell, will not only be many, without number, but intense without comparison, and pure without mixture. How little do the lawgivers among us find out what pain is. The divine justice has discovered a place full of executioners and condemned persons, filled with hatred and reproaches, in the middle of a sea of fire, which has neither shore nor bottom. The pains there will lend each other a fresh sting, and the damned will be like so many vessels as full as they can be of the anger of God. There will be nothing wanting of all that can render a soul most unhappy; that the misery of the wicked may be on all sides complete. The fire, alone, would have been sufficient to render them most unfortunate; for in that alone the damned would have had incomparably more grief, than from all the butcheries which men or the devils could have invented, that being the invention of God himself: and yet, their wickedness deserves still more. The damned soul will behold above her, heaven shut; under her, nothing but unquenchable flames: round her, devils not to be bore with; and within herself such pains as can have no relief! The sensitive appetite will, like the ebbing and flowing of the sea, be continually swelling and flowing, or rather always sinking into agonies, into rage and anguish, exposed to all the blows of divine justice, without ever being able to avoid any one of them. 'A short disease,' says Seneca, 'must either kill, or be killed;' but in Hell the rules are quite the contrary, for the pains will always continue in the same state; intolerable as to intenseness, and endless as to duration; neither making the pains lighter by time, or consuming the sufferers. As there is nothing moderate in the torments, so there is no rest in the tormented, who are continually kept, not barely alive, but in their full senses, to have greater feeling of their misery, from which they cannot so much as for one moment depart. God for that end having gathered together all manner of pains as it were in one bundle, to load them on the shoulders of those unfortunate rebels, he will empty the arsenal of his justice, of all his darts, to strike them on all sides, that there may be no place in them without its wound. If the pains of one only of those unfortunate souls were divided among all mankind here on earth, what would come to every one's share, would kill them with more torment than any criminal has ever suffered. Were the pains of Hell less racking, yet, being never to have an end, they would become infinite. What then will it be, they being both intolerable as to sharpness, and endless as to duration: a torment, which is to last infinite hours, infinite days, infinite ages! That pain certainly must be infinite, and surpass all our thoughts to conceive it: for were it proposed to the damned, to suffer either the sting of a bee in their eye for a whole eternity, or to undergo all the torments of Hell for as many ages as there are stars in Heaven, they would, without doubt, choose rather to be thus miserable for so many ages, and then to see an end of their misery, than to endure a pain so much less, that was to have no end. These unfortunate creatures will not only be tormented for eternity, but will have eternity itself to torment them, because it being always in their sight, it will every moment oppress them with all its weight, as an immense sphere of brass would oppress, with all its weight, the plain it lies on, though it actually touched it but in one point. Besides, as the fear of a punishment to come, afflicts sometimes more than the punishment itself: eternity not only every moment torments the damned, but to the damned every moment is turned into many eternities.

To complete the despair of the damned, they will consider the glory of the saints in Heaven. This sight, by a cruel opposition will quicken the torments of these poor wretches: they will know that God and his saints rejoice at their pains, on account of the glory which redounds to the divine justice in the condemnation of sinners. O what a wound must this make in the heart of those miserable creatures! To be obliged to suffer so many torments for ever, and in the presence of their Judge, and of their greatest enemies, the saints; to be forced to suffer this to the increase of their felicity, as a victim of a perpetual sacrifice, consumed, without being destroyed, in the honor of the Most High. And yet so it is: if I, unfortunate, should be damned, and thou, O Reader, should be saved, thou wilt for ever rejoice at my torments, and I always repine at thy joy: and on the contrary, if I should be saved, and thou lost, I shall laugh at thy destruction, not as it is an evil to thee, but because it is a good to

God, revenging the outrages committed against him. The infernal fire will have its rise from the foot of the throne of God. It will receive an incredible vigour from the omnipotency of God; working, not with its own activity, but, as an instrument, with the activity of its agent; who will give to the flames such intenseness as he shall think convenient to revenge the outrages committed against him, and repair the injuries done his glory. Every one that is damned, will be like a lighted furnace, which has its own flames in itself; all that filthy blood will boil in the veins, the brains in the skull, the heart in the breast, the bowels within that unfortunate body, surrounded with an abyss of fire, out of which it cannot escape. It is what the divine Majesty, injured by sinners, requires; it is what the blood of Christ demands.

PINAMONTI, not satisfied with writing these dreadful 'Considerations for every Day in the Week,' employed artists to paint the pains of Hell, and he illustrates his pamphlet with engravings, which he desires his readers to look at before they commence the infernal 'Consideration' for the day. The feelings and reflections of those who have perused the preceding extracts from his work sufficiently tell the effects of such horrors upon young and innocent minds. How bloodily cruel the mind of this member of 'the company of Jesus!' How ignorant this presumptuous Jesuit of the example and precepts of Jesus! How brutalizing his daring conceptions of

> 'THE GREAT FIRST Cause, least understood,
> Who all our sense confin'd
> To know but this, that he is *good*,
> And we ourselves are *blind*.'

It will be remembered, that the author of *Hell opened to Christians* quotes two sayings of St. CATHARINE OF SIENA, who had seen a devil, and an anecdote of St. MARTIN having seen another. Now, it is only necessary to show what *Saints* they were, in order for the simplest reader to determine whether an author who refers to the devil-seeing stories of such persons can possibly entertain reasonable notions of the Supreme Being, or of the winning simplicity and truth of the Christian religion. Accordingly, some account of these two people are given from '*The Lives of the Saints*' by PETER RIBADENEIRA, who was also 'a priest of the society of Jesus,' as well as the author of *Hell opened to Christians*. Ribadeneira's book was printed at London in 1730, in two volumes folio; and he says in his preface, that the authors he quotes 'are grave and approved, known and received for such of all the Catholick Church, that he has not thrust in and related all that is written of the saints, but *chosen out things certain and well assured*, leaving out others which do not appear to him to be true.' We shall now see some of the *things certain and well assured*; and if there be grossness in the narratives, the reader will recollect that such grossness is part of the sanctity admired by Ribadeneira.

ST. CATHARINE OF SIENA.

ST. CATHARINE, who often saw the devil, also saw, at six years old, upon the top of a church, a rich throne, with Christ sitting on it, in the pontifical habit of the pope, with a triple crown on his head, accompanied by St. Peter, St. Paul, and John the Evangelist. She knew the lives of the holy fathers and hermits by revelation, practised abstinence, and shut herself up with other children in a room, where they whipped themselves. At seven years old she dedicated her virginity to God by a vow, and offered herself to the Virgin as a spouse for her Son. When marriageable, she refused the importunity of her parents to wed; and having cut off her hair to keep her vow, they made her a kitchen-maid; but her father, one day as he was praying in a corner, seeing the Holy Ghost sitting upon her head in the shape of a dove, she was released from drudgery, and was favored with a revelation from St. Dominick. She eat no meat, drank only water, and at last left off bread, sustaining herself by

alone, and her grace before meals was, *Let us go take the punishment due to this miserable sinner*. She so mastered sleep, that she scarcely took any rest, and her bed was only boards. She wore around her body next to the skin a chain of iron, which ate into her flesh. Three times a day, and for an hour and a half each time, she flogged herself with another iron chain, till great streams of blood ran down, and when she took the black and white habit of the order of St. Dominick she increased her mortification. For three years she never spoke, except at confession; never stirred out of her cell but to go to the church; and sat up all night watching—taking rest in the quire at matins only, and then laying upon the floor with a piece of wood under her head for a bolster. She was tempted by devils in a strange manner described by Ribadeneira; but to drive them away, she disciplined her body with the iron chain so much the more. When the fiend perceived he could make no impression on her virginal heart, he changed his battery. She had undertaken to cure an old woman who had a cancer in her breast so loathsome, that no one would go near her, but by the devil's instigation, the old woman gave out that Catharine was not as good as she should be, and stuck to her point. Catharine, knowing the devil's tricks, would not desist; and, to do her honor, Christ appeared, and offered to her the choice of two crowns—one of pure gold, the other of thorns; she took the crown of thorns, pressed it so close upon her head, that it gave her great pain; and Christ commanded her to continue her attendance upon the woman, who, in consequence of a vision, confessed her calumny, to the great confusion of the devil. Once, as she was dressing the old woman's breast, the operation turned her stomach: this was a temptation of the devil, to divert her from her good work; but she defeated him, and the manner shall be stated in Ribadeneira's words: 'she applied her mouth and nose to the woman's rotten and cankered sore, and so continued till she found the flesh had submitted to the spirit.' Ribadeneira then says, that at 'another time she did a thing worthy of greater admiration; for, as she had opened the same sore, the stench of it quite overcame her stomach; and yet she washed it, and made it clean; and gathering the putrified matter into a dish, with great fervor of faith, she drank it up; and presently upon this the temptation ceased; and she told Father Raymundus, her ghostly father, that in all the days of her life she had never drunken any thing so sweet and savoury.' Though it appears from this story, that Catharine was sufficiently rewarded by the savoriness of the meal, yet, Ribadeneira says, that 'the night following, Christ appeared, opened to her the wound in his side, and made her drink till she was so ravished, that her soul was deprived of its functions. Her love and affection to Christ was so intense, that she was almost always languishing and sick; at last it took away her life, and she was dead for four hours, in which time she saw strange things concerning heaven, hell, and purgatory. On a certain day he appeared to her, with his mother and other saints, and espoused her in a marvellous and singular manner; visited her almost continually with the greatest familiarity and affection, sometimes in their company, though ordinarily he came alone, and entertained her by reciting and singing psalms with her. Once as she was coming home from church, he appeared to her in the disguise of a pilgrim, and begged a coat of her; she returned to the church, and secretly taking off her petticoat, brought it to him, not knowing who he was. He asked her for a shirt; she bade him follow her home, and she gave him her shift. Not content with this, he requested more clothes of her, as well for himself as a companion; but as she had nothing else left, and was much afflicted, in the night, Christ appeared to her as the pilgrim, and shewing her what she had bestowed upon him in the garb he had assumed, promised to give her an invisible garment, which should keep her from all cold both of body and soul. One time she prayed to him to take from her her heart of flesh, and it seemed to her that Christ came, and opening her side, took out her heart, and carried it away with him. This appeared almost incredible to her confessor when she told him she had no heart; yet,' says Ribadeneira, 'that which happened afterwards was a certain argument of the truth; for, in a few days, Christ appeared to her in great brightness, holding in his hand a ruddy heart, most beautiful to behold, and coming to her, put it into her left side, and said, My daughter Catharine, now thou hast my heart instead of thy own; and having said this, he closed up her side again, in

proof whereof a scar remained in her side, which she often shewed. By her influence with heaven, she obtained forgiveness for numbers that were ready to fall into hell. Two hardened impenitent thieves, who were led to execution, tied and tortured on a cart, and attended by a multitude of devils, Catharine begged the favor of going with them in the cart to the city gates, and there by her prayers and intercession, Christ shewed himself to the thieves, all bloody and full of wounds, invited them to penance, and promised them pardon if they would repent, which they accordingly did. Through her intercession, her mother, who died without confession, was raised to life again, and lived till she was fourscore and nine years old. She had the gift of prophecy, healed the sick at the last gasp, cast out devils, and worked miracles. Once making bread of tainted flour, the queen of angels came to help her to knead it, and it proved to be most excellent bread, white and savory. She drew also very good wine out of an empty hogshead; but her numerous victories over the devil were not less remarkable, they enraged him so much, that he tormented her till she was nothing but skin and bones. Sometimes he amused himself with throwing her into the fire, and the marks and prints of the wounds he gave her, appeared all over her body. At length,' says Ribadeneira, 'when she was three and thirty years old, she entered into an agony, fought the devil valiantly, and triumphed over him at her death, which happened at Rome on the 29th of April, 1380, her ghost appearing to Father Raymundus, her confessor, at Genoa on the same day, and her body working so many miracles, that for the multitude of people resorting thither, it could not be buried for three days.'

ST. MARTIN.

This Saint, who was so unceremoniously treated by the devil, when he left him, according to the story in *Hell opened to Christians*, was a zealous antagonist of the Arians. He is honored by the painters describing him as dividing his coat with a pilgrim. The night following this act, Christ appeared to him, attended by angels, covered with the piece of the coat Martin had given away, and said to the angels, 'Martin, yet but a catechumen, has given me his garment.' Martin was born in Hungary in 316. St. Hilary of Poictiers made him an exorcist, or caster out of devils. Desiring to see his parents, he passed the Alps, and being opposed on his way by the devil, he put him to flight with a text of Scripture; but though he had this power over the devil, he had none over the Arians, who owed him a grudge, for they whipped him. He worked miracles, built monasteries, and was made bishop of Tours. For his charity, rays of light and a flame of fire came from his head whilst he was at the altar, which was the more miraculous, because only three monks, and a priest, and a virgin could perceive it from amongst innumerable persons present. One day as he was visiting his diocese, the horses drawing a coachful of soldiers who were travelling very fast, because affrighted at his appearance, and the soldiers beat him, whereupon their horses became immoveable, and they could not make them stir a step till they humbled themselves before him, and his prayers had restored to the horses the use of their legs.* At Chartres, he desired a

* If St. Martin could stop a carriage, so could the Devil. St. Bernard was travelling with another priest in a coach to accomplish some object to the Devil's injury, who, of course, used various devices to obstruct their progress, and at last broke away half the circumference of one of the fore wheels. St. Bernard immediately commanded the Devil to supply the broken part in his own person. Being forced to comply, he bent his body into a semicircular form, with his back against the spokes, and the coachman whipping the horses, they galloped the Devil for the remainder of the journey, as a half-wheel of St. Bernard's coach. This saint was very holy, greatly tempted, and highly favoured. Ribadeneira relates, that one day in winter, 'he was a little careless, and held his eyes fixed on a beautiful woman, not reflecting what he did; which, when he perceived, he cast himself stark naked into a pool hard by of frozen water up to the neck, from whence he was taken out half dead, but the flames of infernal fire were quenched. He was singularly honored by the Virgin Mary, for she milked her breasts in streams into his mouth. These and other acts of St. Bernard's life are represented in fifty-three engravings by Neefs, after Fruyters. The Life of St. Catharine of Siena is depicted by F. Vanni, in twelve large engravings, and thirty-two smaller plates by P. Galle. These books of prints, with the French volume of the *Miraculous Host*, and the other works used in compiling these sheets are in the editor's possession.

priest to throw down a high tower of rich stones, erected to an idol, which the priest could not accomplish, having no machinery with him for that purpose: but Martin, by his prayers, raised a tempest that did the business. He also directed them against a column with an idol upon it, and suddenly there descended from heaven a celestial pillar, which broke the column to pieces, and turned the idol to dust. In this way he destroyed numerous heathen temples. After the example of St. Augustine in Africa, he was the first who joined the monastical to the clerical life, for he retired to one of his monasteries on the Loire, with fourscore monks, who, Ribadeneira says, were clothed in camels' hair, and lived upon earth like so many angels in heaven, in narrow cells cut out of a rock, more proper for the meditation of death, than the conservation of life. One day he saw a great devil upon the shoulders of Aditian, a fierce and cruel count, more like a savage beast than a man; by his breath he made the devil fly away, and the count became more mild and benign. The emperor Valentinian, having an Arian wife, she incited him against the orthodox; but Martin, armed with prayer, haircloth, ashes, fasting, and penance, and paid the emperor a visit, which displeased him; till his chair, becoming surrounded by fire, which gradually approached the emperor as he sat, he became sensible of the duties of hospitality, and Martin greatly edified him and his court. At a feast made for him by the emperor Maximus, the first cup of wine, according to the custom of the country, was presented to the emperor; out of respect to his church guest he commanded it to be handed to bishop Martin first, who tasting the wine, forthwith gave the cup to one of his clergy, judging, that there was no person at table, although the emperor was there, that ought to be preferred before a priest; which although, says Ribadeneira, it seemed a new thing, and not used by other bishops, greatly edified the emperor. In process of time, the empress became St. Martin's maid-servant, sat at his feet, dressed meat for him, took away the table, gathered up the remains, and preserved his crumbs as relics. He was often visited by angels, by St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Thecla, St. Agnes, and the Virgin Mary. Repairing with some of his clergy to a certain monastery, popular for the relics of a martyr, to whom preceding bishops had erected an altar, Martin suspected the genuineness of the relics, and praying to God, was favored with a horrid apparition, who informed him that he was the soul of a thief that had been executed, and honored as a martyr by mistake; but so far from being a martyr and in glory, he was one of the damned, and suffering the pains of hell. Whereupon Martin threw down the altar, and freed the people from their error and from similar mistakes; hence, says Ribadeneira, the church strictly examines all claims to canonization, that none may be propounded to the faithful for saints but those that are certainly such. After the devil parted from him in the disagreeable way described in *Hell opened to Christians*, it is not easy to imagine, Ribadeneira says, how much this beast feared Martin. His biographer relates many surprising instances of this nature, and says that Martin was so miraculous and so enriched with divine prodigies, that God seems to have given him dominion over devils, men, the heavens, the elements, beasts, birds, fishes, all diseases, and death himself; so that by his prayer, his word, his invocation, oil blest by him, and the bristles of his hair shirt, innumerable miracles were wrought. In his last sickness he saw the devil, and said to him, with great courage, What dost thou here, O bloody beast? When he died, his face shone, his body became beautified, and angels sung in the air, while the devils vainly expected to detain his soul in its passage to heaven. Peter Damian says, that he was a noble confessor, the glory of priests, the precious pearl of bishops, the rule of clergymen, the ornament of monks, and that his fame filled the world. The dust of his sepulchre worked miracles; and Fortunatus, bishop of Poictiers, who wrote his miracles in four books, was miraculously cured of a disease in his eyes by the oil of his lamp.

THE END.

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